

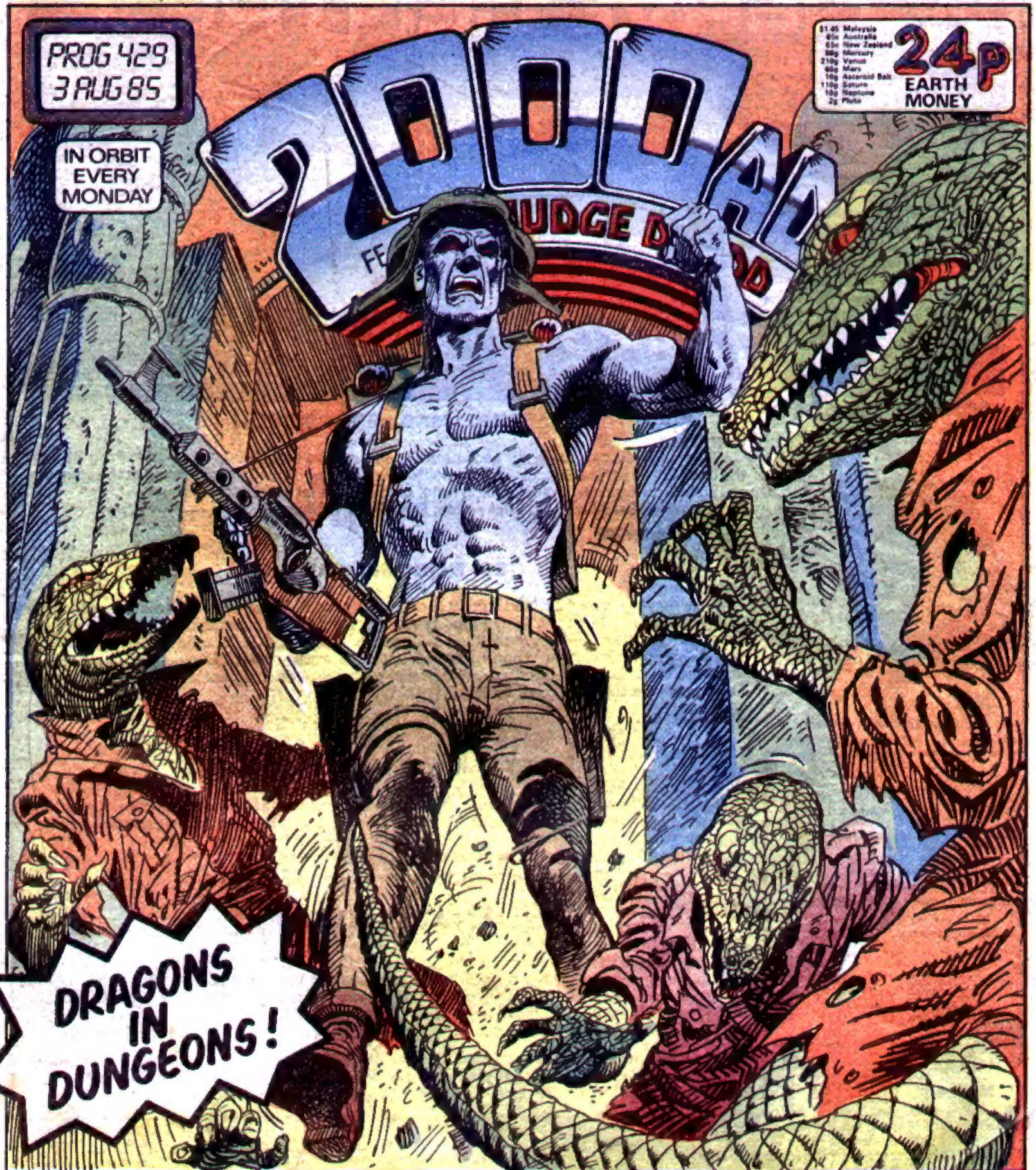
ROGUE PLAYING GAMES?

PROG 429
3 AUG 85

IN ORBIT
EVERY
MONDAY

51¢ Malaysia
60¢ Australia
65¢ New Zealand
210¢ Mercury
210¢ Venus
40¢ Mars
10¢ Asteroid Belt
110¢ Saturn
10¢ Neptune
2¢ Pluto

24p
EARTH
MONEY



DRAGONS
IN
DUNGEONS!

NERVE CENTRE

BORAG THUNGG, EARTHLETS.

The galaxy's greatest comic scooped no less than 5 major honours in this year's prestigious Eagle Awards – and yet I, Tharg the Mighty, am not happy. "What?" I hear you cry. "Not happy about *Judge Dredd* being voted the Favourite Comic Character of 1984? Not thrilled about the award for the Favourite Comic Group going to the *Mega-City Judges*?" In a word, Terrans, no. "But what about *Torquemada* being voted the Favourite Comic Villain? And then there's *D.R. & Quinch* – not just the Characters Most Worthy of a comic all to themselves, but also the Favourite Comic Story ("D.R. & Quinch Get Drafted"; Progs 355 to 359) in the entire universe? Is not all of this zarjaz?" His, Terrans, but nothing can change the fact that an appalling blunder has been made. For some astonishing reason, there was no award category for The Most Talented, If Not To Say Downright Handsome, Alien Editor...can you believe that? It's a shocking oversight, and you can be sure that I will exert my considerable influence to see that changes are made before next year's ceremony!

SPLUNDIG VUR THRIGG!

THARG

Drawn by Earthlet Neil Fardon,
Teddington. £10 Winner.



THARG
THE EL

ROCK 'N' ROLL TROOPER



Drawn by Earthlet S. Quilter,
Grundisburgh, Suffolk. £10 Winner.

MASSIMO: MAD ABOUT SNAILS?

Dear Tharg,

Whilst browsing through my back progs I came across something very odd in Prog 389. In the last picture of *Ace Trucking Co*, a snail's head with a grin on its face formed at the apex of a spiral. Is Art Robot Belardinelli going nuts, or is it just that he likes snails?

From puzzled Earthlet Philip Wickenden, Dyfed. £5 Winner.

One or the other, yes.

SCI-FILING SPECIAL

Dear Tharg,

While reading Prog 421 (and a great prog it was!) I came across the advertisement for your 2000 AD SCI-FI SPECIAL '85. I was really glad, but I was reminded of last year when I searched for the thrill-powered mag around all the shops in Southport for two whole weeks...without success. Then I spotted one filed away under "Business Computers"! I immediately bought it, but please, Tharg, don't let this happen again!

From angry Earthlet Ian Lord, Southport. £5 Winner.

Okay, I won't.

YOU HAVE A WHAT?

Borag Thungg, Mighty One,

I have a complaint. Although your zarjaz comic is as mind-annihilating as ever, something runs amiss. For the last three weeks, each prog I have bought has had a staple missing from it. I suggest you give your grexnix of a stapler droid a Rigelian Hotshot!

From irritated Earthlet Dave Smith, Solihull. £5 Winner.

All right, I will.

AT LAST – A BETTER LETTER!

Dear Tharg,

I disagree with the letter from Earthlet Edward McCreight (Nerve Centre, Prog 422), in which he thought it was offensive for you to be portrayed in various guises. In my opinion, any Earthlet who saw such pictures of you would immediately recognise you for a hyper-intelligent being, who is able to disguise himself as anything he wants.

From remarkably perceptive Earthlet Christopher Lines, Stockton-On-Tees. £5 Winner.

What a magnificent letter! All too many Terran communications simply require a brief and boring answer, and it is most refreshing to read one which allows me to exercise my mighty mentality. Yes, Earthlet Christopher, you're right – I am indeed hyper-intelligent. Well spotted.

VOTE HERE!

Each week Tharg displays your drawings and letters on his Nerve Centre. There are big cash prizes for every entry published, so write to him now! The address is: THARG'S NERVE CENTRE, COMMAND MODULE 2018, KING'S REACH TOWER, STAMFORD STREET, LONDON SE1 9LS.

List your three favourite stories
IN THIS PROG on the coupon and
enclose it with your entry.

1.....

2.....

3.....

I Dislike:.....

My Age Is..... 429

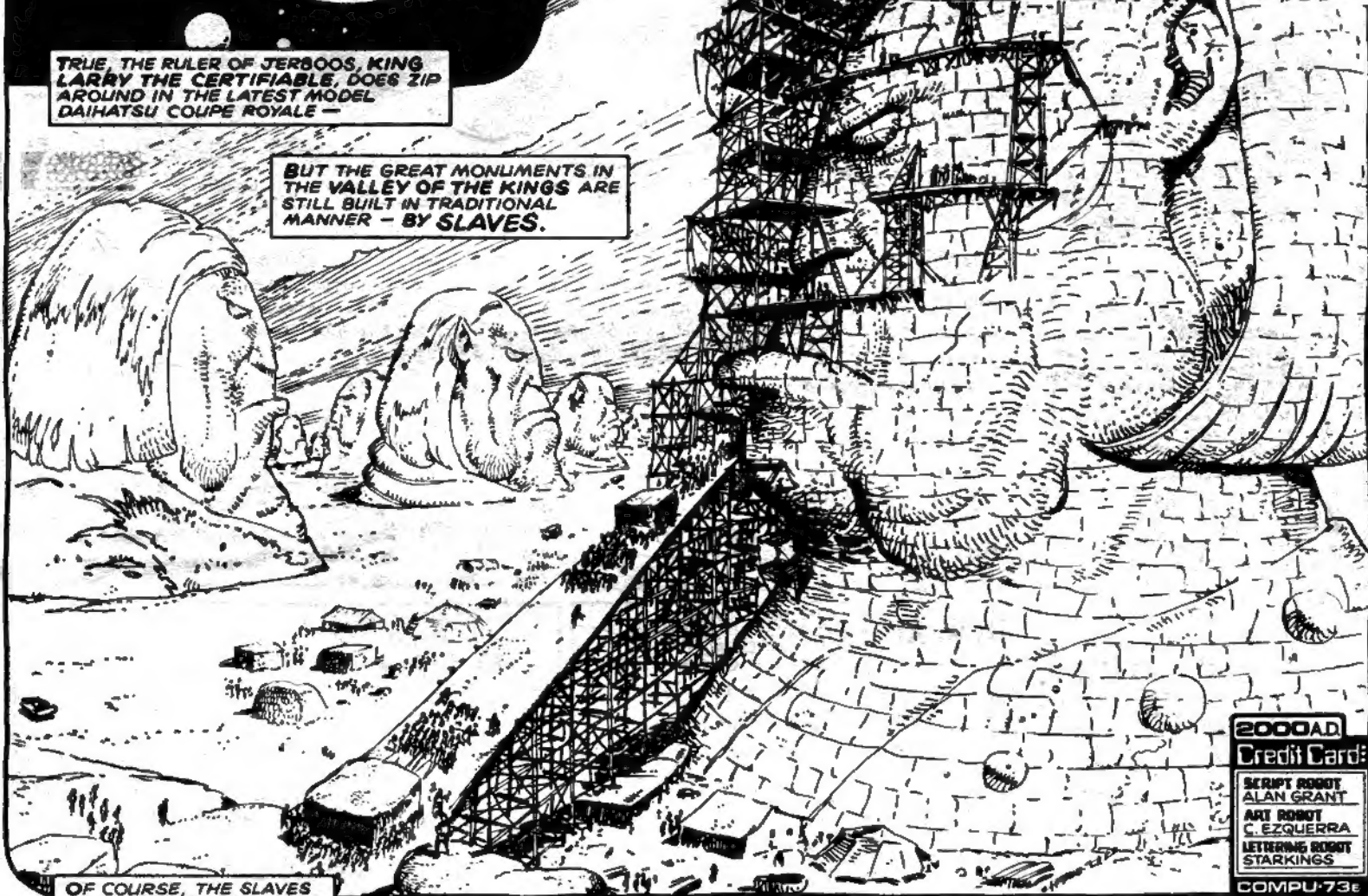
PLANET JERBOOS, ON THE FAR FRINGE OF THE GALAXY - WHERE DESPITE MODERN TECHNOLOGY THE INHABITANTS PROUDLY CLING TO THE OLD WAYS.



TRUE, THE RULER OF JERBOOS, KING LARRY THE CERTIFIABLE, DOES ZIP AROUND IN THE LATEST MODEL DAIHATSU COUPE ROYALE -

BUT THE GREAT MONUMENTS IN THE VALLEY OF THE KINGS ARE STILL BUILT IN TRADITIONAL MANNER - BY SLAVES.

Strontium Dog



2000AD
Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT
ALAN GRANT
ART ROBOT
C. EZQUERRA
LETTERING ROBOT
STARKINGS
COMPU-73E

OF COURSE, THE SLAVES ARE ALIENS NOW - BUT THAT'S PROGRESS. WHAT HASN'T CHANGED IS THE TREATMENT METED OUT TO THEM -

THERE'S THE KING'S DAIHATSU!

SHOW HIM A BIT OF BLOOD! LARRY LIKES A BIT OF BLOOD!





OH
BRAVO!

U
G
H!

THE JERBOOSERS ARE A NATURALLY
CRUEL PEOPLE, WHO TAKE A CERTAIN
DELIGHT IN THE SUFFERINGS OF
OTHERS. IN FACT, IT IS A MARK OF A
KING'S GREATNESS, THE NUMBER OF
SLAVES WHO DIE DURING THE
ERECTION OF HIS MONUMENT —



THAT MAKES
597 DEAD SO FAR!
I'M PAST LARRY THE
UNPLEASANT'S TOTAL
ALREADY!

YES, DEAR -
BUT LARRY THE
PSYCHOTIC
KILLED OVER FIVE
THOUSAND!

AHA! BUT I'VE GOT
TEN THOUSAND SLAVES
WORKING ON MY HEAD -
AND AS SOON AS IT'S
FINISHED I'M GOING TO
SLAUGHTER EVERY
SINGLE ONE OF THEM!

OOH, LARRY!
YOU'RE SO
CERTIFIABLE!



WHAT ARE
YOU WHINING
ABOUT NOW?

M-MY DAD,
MY BROTHERS
... THEY'LL BE
K-KILLED, TOO!



SO
WHAT?
I'VE TOLD YOU AND
I'VE TOLD YOU - I'M
SICK FED-UP OF
YOUR WHINING!

SMAKK!



YOU'RE A BAD PET!
BAD! BAD!
BAD!

LITTLE POLYP
DOES SO ENJOY
BEATING HER
HUMAN!

MMM, IT'S NICE TO
SEE A GIRL GROWING
UP IN THE RIGHT WAY.







THE MOST DISTANT HUMAN COLONY IN THE 27TH CENTURY— PIGMAN'S PLANET...



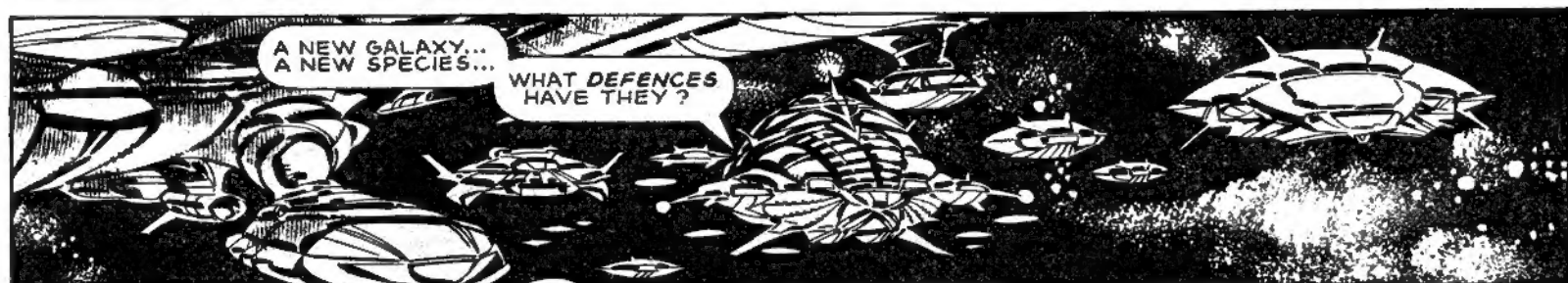
THARG'S
FUTURE-

SHOCKS

The Edge
Of
Forever...

2000AD
Credit Card!
SCRIPT EDITOR
A. HEDDEN
ART EDITOR
J. REDONDO
LETTERING EDITOR
G. ROBSON
COMPU-73E





I DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT ANY OF THIS AT THE TIME.
AS A MATTER OF FACT, I HADN'T EVEN HEARD
OF PIGMAN'S PLANET.



I WAS TOO BUSY LOOKING FOR WORK...

WAYNE HALL,
ENQUIRY AGENT.

MR TRAVITZ IS
EXPECTING ME.

THAT IS CORRECT, MR HALL, TAKE
THE ELEVATOR TO 509, PLEASE.



WITH A BIG WHEEL LIKE TRAVITZ, THE
IMPORTANT THING WAS TO MAKE A
GOOD IMPRESSION...

ANY TIME, ANY PLACE —
YOU WANT THE INFO, I'LL
GET THE — YAAHH!



YOU ALWAYS TAKE
A BATH WITH YOUR
CLOTHES ON, HALL?

SORRY...
FLOOR'S
A BIT
SLIPPERY.

WHERE DO
YOU WANT
ME TO
START, MR
TRAVITZ?



PIGMAN'S PLANET,
THAT'S WHERE, THE
GALACTIC COUNCIL
WON'T ALLOW MY
SHIPS TO DOCK
THERE!

WON'T GIVE ME A
REASON, EITHER...



AN' I WANNA KNOW WHY, HALL!
I WANNA KNOW REAL BAD!

AN' I WANNA
KNOW NOW!

UH... RIGHT, MR
TRAVITZ, I'LL
GET ONTO IT
STRAIGHTAWAY.



I TRIED THE TRANSPORT COMMISSION FIRST. THEY SAID PERMISSION WAS REFUSED BY ORDER OF THE MINISTRY OF PLANETS...

TRANSPORT COMM.

MINISTRY of PLANETS

...WHO SAID THEY WERE ORDERED TO MAKE THAT ORDER BY THE GALACTIC DEFENCE AGENCY...

...WHO TOLD ME TO GET LOST.

GALACTIC DEFENCE AGENCY

TRAVITZ IS RIGHT, THERE'S SOMETHING WEIRD GOING ON. BUT WHAT'S SO SPECIAL ABOUT PIGMAN'S PLANET?

...WHO TOLD ME
TO GET LOST.

TRAVITZ IS RIGHT, THERE'S SOME-
THING WEIRD GOING
ON. BUT WHAT'S SO
SPECIAL ABOUT
PIGMAN'S PLANET?

GALACTIC DEFENCE

**...WHO SAID THEY
WERE ORDERED TO
MAKE THAT ORDER
BY THE GALACTIC
DEFENCE AGENCY...**

NOTHING THAT I COULD SEE...

DAMN PLANET'S SO NORMAL IT'S BORING! I GUESS THERE'S ONLY ONE THING LEFT TO DO...

THESE ARE THE RESULTS OF THE TESTS AND ANALYSIS
 CONDUCTED BY THE PLANETARY SCIENCE
 DEPARTMENT OF THE ARMY. THE RESULTS SHOW
 THAT THE PLANET IS A BORE. THERE IS NOTHING
 HERE THAT IS NOT ALREADY KNOWN TO THE
 ARMY. THE PLANET IS A BORE. THERE IS
 NOTHING HERE THAT IS NOT ALREADY KNOWN
 TO THE ARMY. THE PLANET IS A BORE.

DAMN PLANET'S SO
NORMAL IT'S
BORING! I GUESS
THERE'S ONLY ONE
THING LEFT TO DO...

YOU WANNA GO TO PIGMAN'S PLANET? SO GO!
WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR— A SIGNED INVITATION?

UH...RIGHT, MR TRAVITZ. I'LL GET GOING - STRAIGHTAWAY.

UH...RIGHT, MR
TRAVITZ. I'LL
GET GOING -
STRAIGHTAWAY

I BOUGHT MYSELF A FAKE TOURIST VISA AND
HEADED FOR THE SPACEPORT...

ONLY ONE LINE GOES
TO PIGMAN'S - OUTER
STARS TRANSIT CO..

AND SURPRISE,
SURPRISE! IT'S
OWNED BY THE
GALACTIC
DEFENCE
AGENCY!

ONLY ONE LINE GOES
TO PIGMAN'S — OUTER
STARS TRANSIT CO.

AND SURPRISE,
SURPRISE! IT'S
OWNED BY THE
GALACTIC
DEFENCE
AGENCY!

THE TRIP TOOK ME SIX SOLITARY WEEKS...

ANOTHER SOLAR SHAKER, MR HALL ?

YEAH, WHY NOT ? THE VIEW AIN'T EXACTLY STIMULATING.

ANOTHER SOLAR
SHAKER, MR HALL?

YEAH, WHY NOT ? THE
VIEW AIN'T EXACTLY
STIMULATING.

UNTIL FINALLY...

UNDERGROUND SPACEPORT — PRETTY SOPHISTICATED FOR A HICK PLANET LIKE THIS...

MAYBE I'M GETTING SOMEWHERE AT LAST!

UNDERGROUND
SPACEPORT —
PRETTY
SOPHISTICATED
FOR A HICK
PLANET LIKE
THIS...

**MAYBE I'M
GETTING
SOMEWHERE
AT LAST!**



WHAT IS THE PURPOSE OF YOUR VISIT, SIR?

AH, YOU KNOW—THE USUAL. SEE A FEW OF THE SIGHTS. MAYBE PICK UP A MEMENTO OF MY VISIT...



ENTRY REFUSED.

THERE ARE NO TOURIST FACILITIES ON OUR WORLD.

ARE YOU KIDDING? LISTEN, LUNKHEAD, I'VE COME 50,000 LIGHT YEARS TO SEE THIS MUDDBALL—

I'LL HANDLE THIS, OFFICER. COME WITH ME, MR HALL...



WHO ARE YOU? AND HOW COME YOU KNOW MY NAME?

MY NAME IS KLEIN—COLONEL KLEIN, OF THE GALACTIC DEFENCE AGENCY.

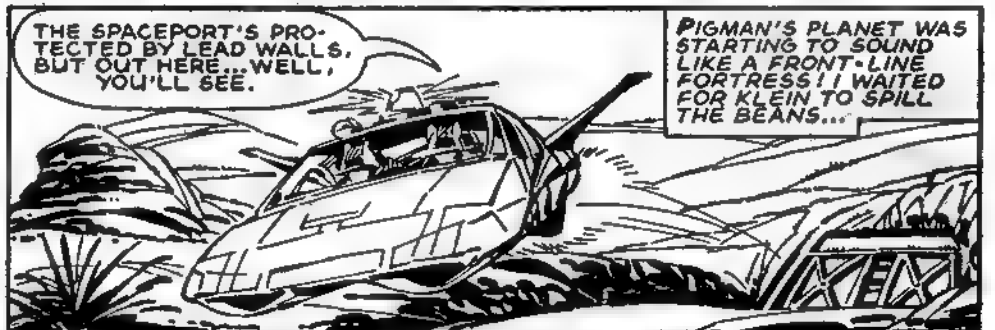
I'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU, MR HALL. GET IN THE HOVER, PLEASE.



WHAT'S WITH THE HEADGEAR? YOU A LOUSY DRIVER, KLEIN?

THIS ISN'T A CRASH-HELMET... IT'S A BRAIN-SHIELD. YOU'LL NEED ONE, TOO.

HERE, PUT IT ON.



THE SPACEPORT'S PROTECTED BY LEAD WALLS, BUT OUT HERE... WELL, YOU'LL SEE.

PIGMAN'S PLANET WAS STARTING TO SOUND LIKE A FRONT-LINE FORTRESS! I WAITED FOR KLEIN TO SPILL THE BEANS...



AND WHEN HE DID...

"THE GALAXY'S DEFENCE AGAINST ALIEN INVASION"? HA! THIS DUMP?

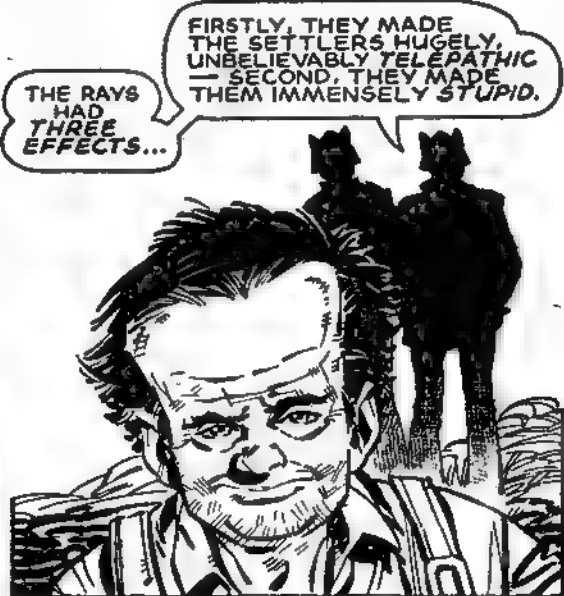
BESIDES, WHAT ALIENS? EVERYONE KNOWS WE'RE THE ONLY INTELLIGENT SPECIES IN THE UNIVERSE!

THAT'S WHAT WE TELL THE PUBLIC, OF COURSE—DON'T WANT ANYONE TO PANIC, DO WE? ACTUALLY, THERE ARE HUNDREDS OF SPECIES AS INTELLIGENT AS OURS—



ONE OF THEM IS COMING INTO ORBIT AROUND US NOW...

AND ABOUT TO INVADE!



"WIPING OUT... DESTROYING... THE PAIN!"



I DON'T REALLY KNOW WHAT HAPPENED AFTER THAT. I WAS TOO BUSY CLUTCHING MY HEAD, WAITING FOR THE HAMMERING TO STOP.

AND I WAS WEARING A BRAIN-SHIELD...

...UNLIKE THE ALIEN INVADERS.

WHEN THE ARMADA WENT UP, THE PAIN STOPPED. KLEIN DIDN'T KNOW HOW IT WORKED — AND THE SETTLERS DIDN'T EVEN THINK ABOUT IT.

AS FAR AS THEY WERE CONCERNED, THEY'D SIMPLY GOT RID OF A HEADACHE.



IT WAS TIME TO GO BACK TO THE HEARTLAND...

THE SETTLERS CAN NEVER LEAVE HERE, OF COURSE. THE DAMAGE THEY'D DO, YOU SEE... WITHOUT EVEN KNOWING THEY WERE DOING IT.

I UNDERSTAND, DON'T WORRY ABOUT MR. TRAVITZ — I'LL TELL HIM THEY'VE ALL GOT THE PLAGUE!



THAT WAS THE ONLY TIME I EVER WENT TO PIGMAN'S PLANET. I GUESS LIFE THERE HASN'T CHANGED MUCH SINCE.

THE SETTLERS ARE STILL THERE, HAPPY JUST TO SCRATCH A LIVING FROM THE LAND — HAPPY TO STAY THAT WAY FOR ETERNITY...

SIMPLE FARMING FOLK...

THE GUARDIANS OF THE GALAXY!



PROG 430: THE BURNING ISSUE

**NEXT WEEK,
THIS LOATHSOME
PAPER WILL BE
PURIFIED!**

**TOMAS DE
TORQUEMADA
READS THE
DAILY BIGOT!**



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JUDGE DREDD in FULL COLOUR



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URGENT WARNING DANGER—
DEADLY NEW SPECIES OF THRILL-SUCKER
PLAGUING UNIVERSE
DON'T LEAVE
HOME WITHOUT**

2000 AD
FEATURING JUDGE DREDD

RESERVATION COUPON

TO MY NEWSAGENT

Please reserve/deliver* 1 thrill-powered copy of 2000 AD each week.

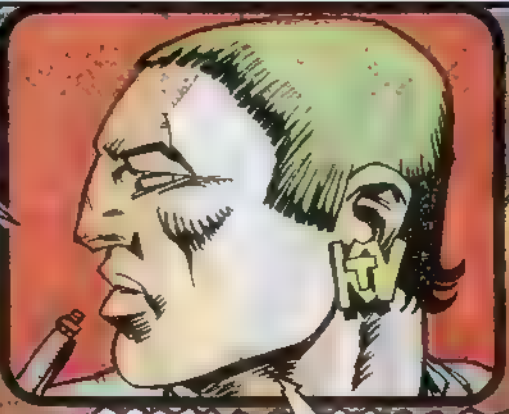
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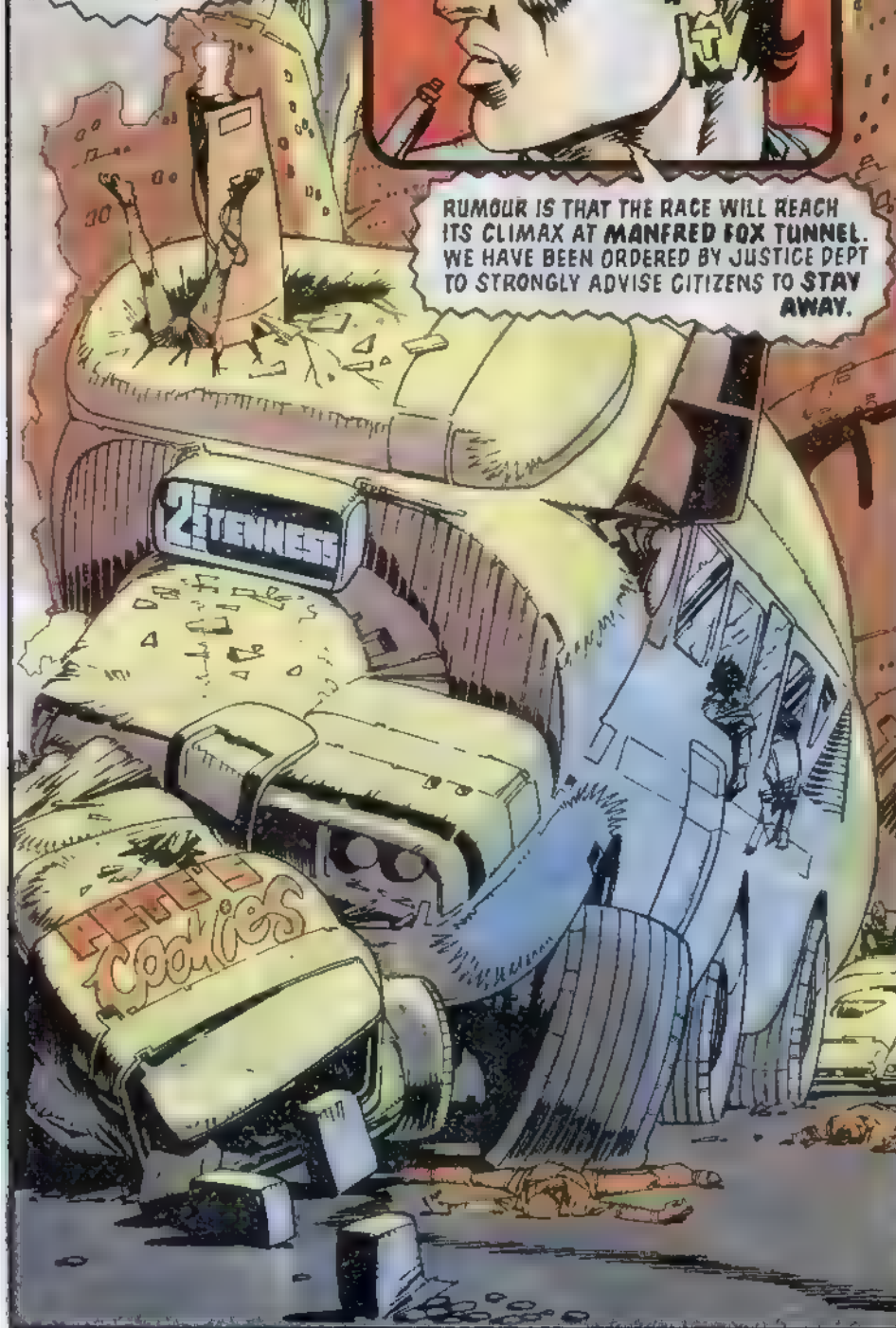
Signature of Parent/Guardian*

*delete as applicable

JUDGES REPORT A NUMBER OF SERIOUS TRAFFIC ACCIDENTS ALONG THE ROUTE OF SUPERSURF 7, THE ILLEGAL WORLD POWER BOARD CHAMPIONSHIP. LATEST DEATH TOLL NOW STANDS AT 95.



RUMOUR IS THAT THE RACE WILL REACH ITS CLIMAX AT MANFRED FOX TUNNEL. WE HAVE BEEN ORDERED BY JUSTICE DEPT TO STRONGLY ADVISE CITIZENS TO STAY AWAY.



BUT OF COURSE IF YOU DO GO DOWN THERE, THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO TO STOP YOU. IT'S A FREE CITY - AND ANYWAY, YOU DON'T GET A CHANCE TO SEE THE SUPERSURF EVERY DAY!

AT PHOENIX SCRAP JUSTICE DEPT HAVE CUT OFF THE MAIN PACK -

YOUR PATH IS BLOCKED! THERE'S NO WAY THROUGH! GROUND YOUR BOARDS AND SURRENDER!



NEVER!
SCRUB THE CRUSHERS -

WE GO STRAIGHT FOR THE FOX!

JUDGE DREDD

MIDNIGHT SURFER



SCOTT T.B. GROVER
ART
CAM KENNEDY
LETTERING
T. ERAME

UP AHEAD, CHOPPER'S MOVING FAST. BODY LOW. FULL WEIGHT PRESSING HARD INTO THE THROTTLE PAD -



DOWN HYDE AND TSETSE AT BREAKNECK SPEED -



TOUCHING 130 AS HE CAREERS INTO ROACH -



-140-170-190-200.



THEN HIGH-G DECELERATION AS HE BANKS FOR HARPER'S -



H-HEY!
WATCH OUT FOR
ROBO-LOADERS.



DOWN HABERDASHERY. RIGHT AT ELECTRICAL. HITTING THE TON AS HE WHISTLES THROUGH HOMEWARE -



OUT THROUGH THE REAR EXIT -



AS HE SWEEPS INTO HIS APPROACH -



FOX TUNNEL!

160-200-220

THEY'D SAID **CHOPPER** WAS GOOD -
GOOD ENOUGH TO STEAL HIS TITLE. NOW
WORLD CHAMPION **YOGI YAKAMOTO**
KNOWS IT IS TRUE.



CHOPPER'S
IN THE
LEAD!

GO, CHOPPER!



CHOPPER?

HE'S A HERO, MUM!
HE USED TO BE KING
SCRAWLER -

NOW HE'S THE
BEST SKY
SURFER IN
THE WORLD!



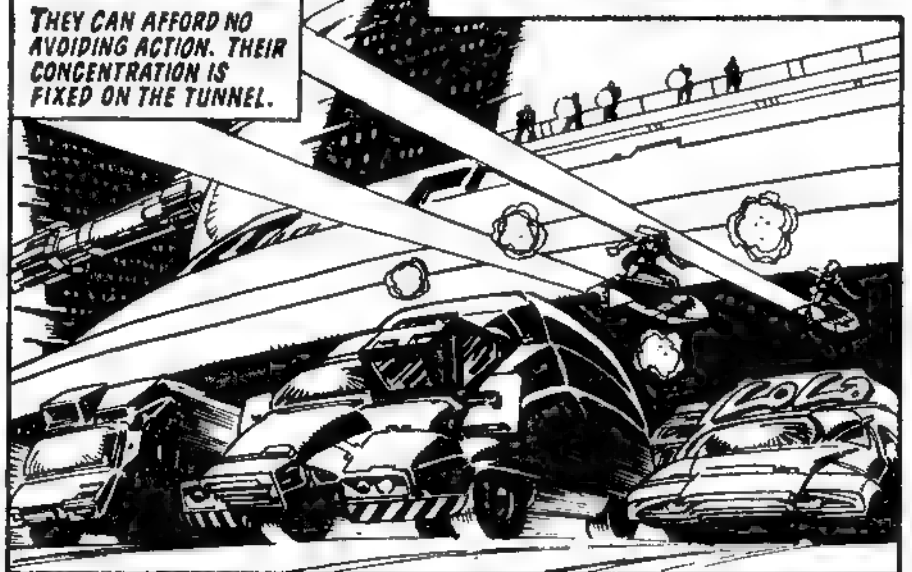
ABOVE THE TUNNEL EXIT -

THIS IS **FLACK** ON TUNNEL VIEW!
LEADERS COMIN' THROUGH
ALREADY!

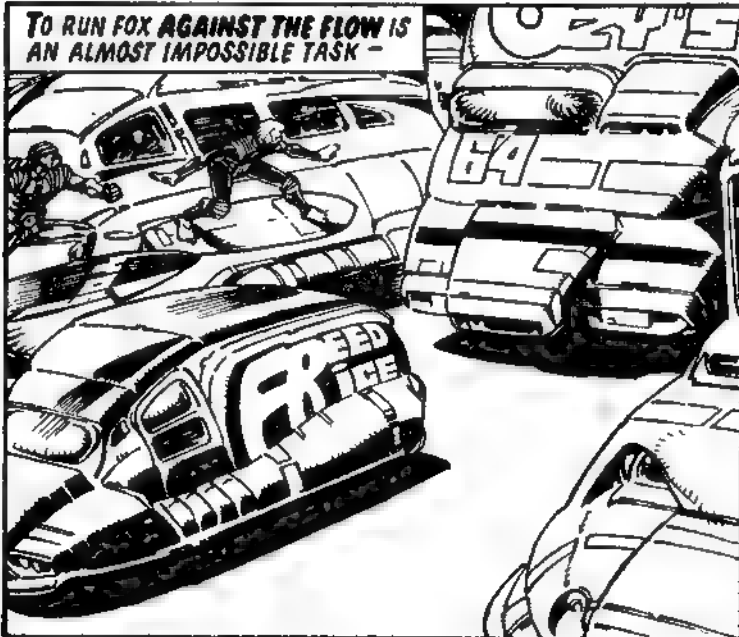
SHOOT
TO KILL!



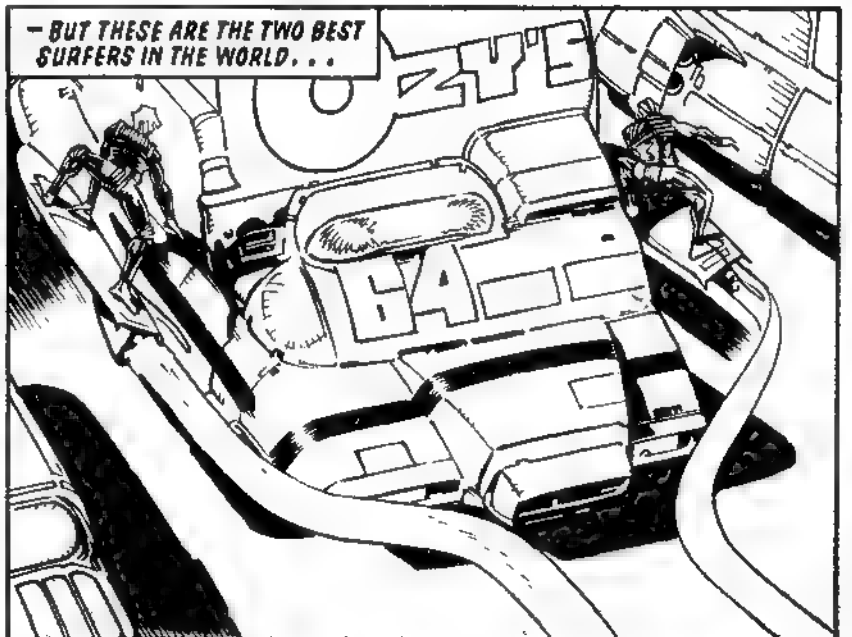
THEY CAN AFFORD NO
AVOIDING ACTION. THEIR
CONCENTRATION IS
FIXED ON THE TUNNEL.



TO RUN **FOX** AGAINST THE FLOW IS
AN ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE TASK -



- BUT THESE ARE THE TWO BEST
SURFERS IN THE WORLD. . .



ABOVE, JUDGES ARE ARRIVING IN NUMBERS -

TWO OF THEM
GOT IN,
DREDD!

THERE'S GOING
TO BE CARNAGE
IN THERE!

HERE COMES
THE SECOND
BATCH!



DON'T HIT THE BOARDS OR
YOU'LL BRING 'EM DOWN
ON THE TRAFFIC!



KWEZI, REICH AND PIND DIE THE WAY THEY'D
HAVE WANTED - KISSING SKY.



BEHIND THEM THE
SURVIVORS OF
THE MAIN PACK
FALTER -

HELL! DON'T LOOK
LIKE THERE'S NO
WAY THROUGH!

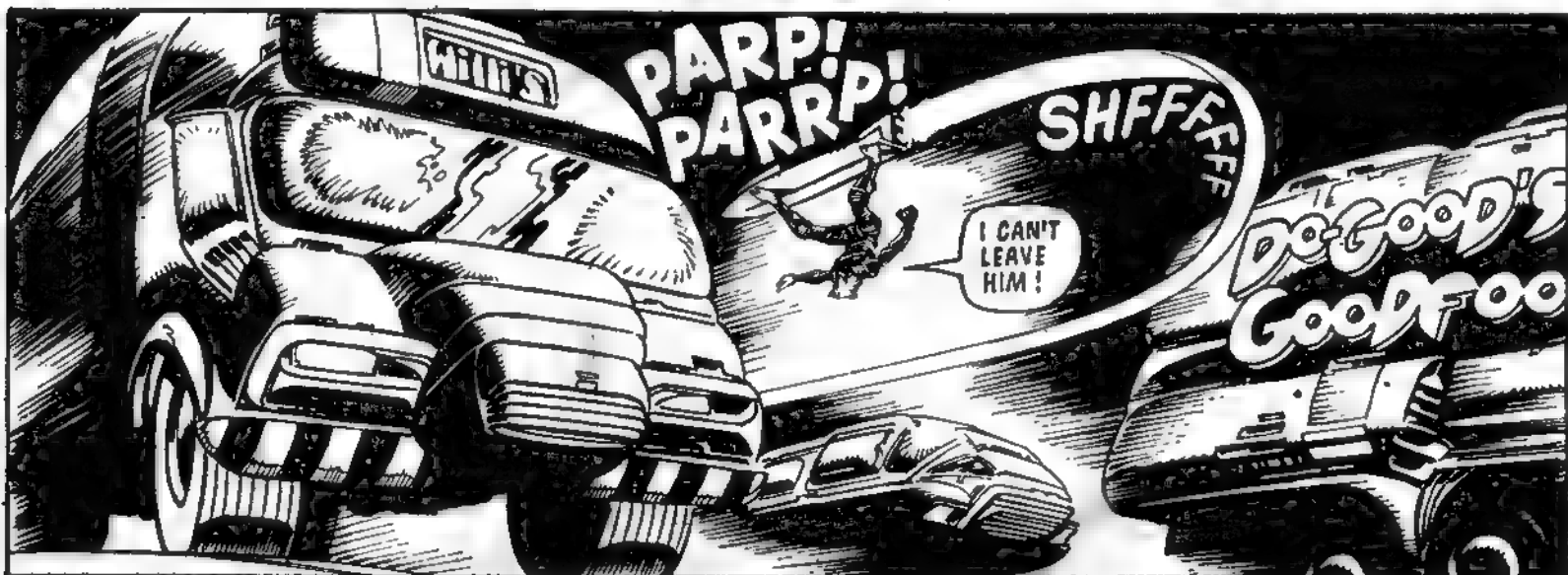
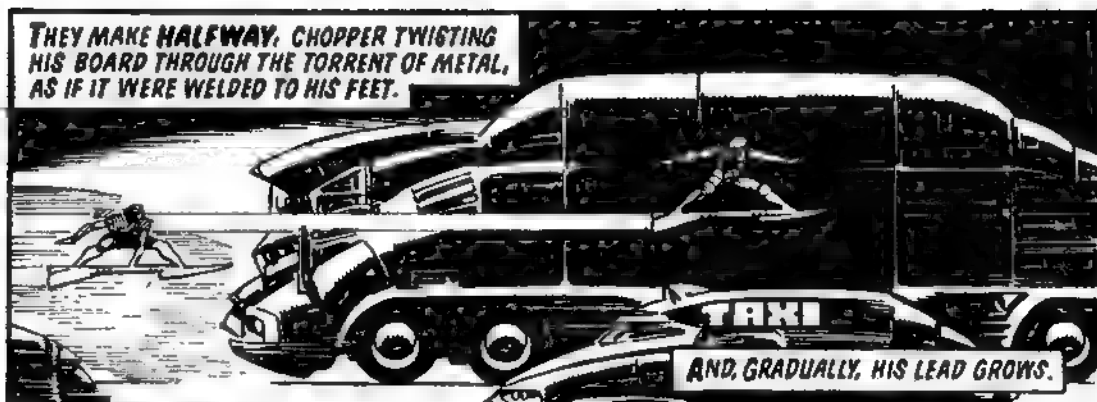


SURRENDER
OR DIE! GROUND
YOUR BOARDS
IMMEDIATELY!



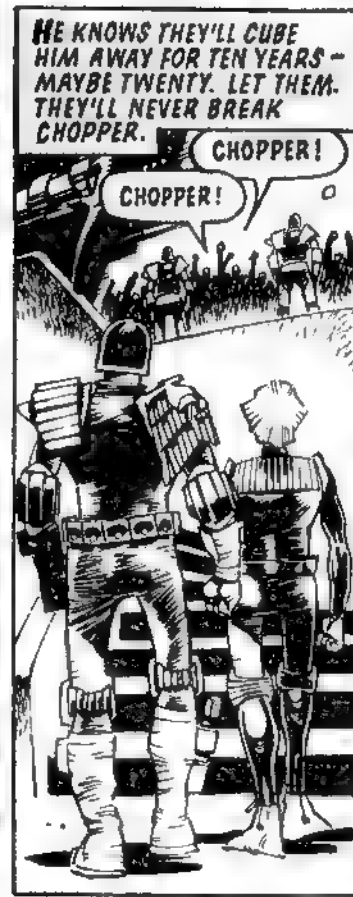
THEY AIN'T STOPPIN' ME!
MANFRED FOX OR BUST!







SURFING IT MAY BE, FLACK - ILLEGAL IT DEFINITELY IS.



ACE TRUCKING CO.

*Any space
Any time*

THE CROAKSIDE TRIP!



SPACE TRUCKER ACE GARP HAS ONLY FIVE DAYS LEFT TO LIVE! NOW, IN THE LUGSTERS' UNION, ACE HAS DECIDED HOW HE WILL SPEND HIS FINAL HOURS -



2000AD
Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT
GRANT/GROYER
ART ROBOT
GELARDINELLI
LETTERING ROBOT
STARKINGS
COMPU-73





I MEANS A STRAIGHT RACE!
B-HIVE-K TO POOPOOPEEDOO*
AN' BACK! ACE TRUCKS AGAINST
YELLOW LINE - WINNER
TAKES ALL!

*POOPOOPEEDOO -
TRUCKER SLANG
FOR PLANET
POOPINGTON 3.

THWAKK!



YOU GOTTA BE
JOKIN'! MY YELLOW
LINE'S GOT BETTER THAN
THREE HUNDRED LUGS -
YOU ONLY GOT TWO
CLAPPED-OUT OLD
LUGBUDDIES TO LOSE!

NO
BET, JOOB!

YOU'RE AS
YELLOW AS
YOUR LUGS,
KAIN!



I'LL TELL YOU WHAT,
WAH WAH DIGGER - SEEIN'
AS YOU KNOWS I'S TWICE
AS GOOD A LUGJOCK AS
YOU, I'LL GIVE YOU A
CHANCE! SPEEDO GHOST'LL
DO TWO JOURNEYS AFORE
YOUR HUNKA JUNK CAN
EVEN DO ONE!



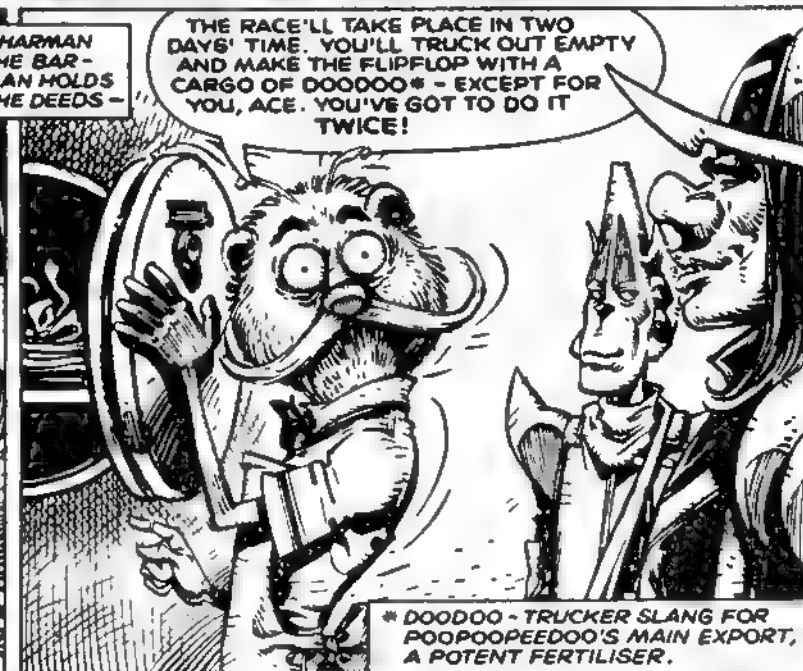
GARP MUSTA
GONE ABBO DABBO!
HE'LL NEVER DO
TWO TRIPS!

THIS IS YOUR
CHANCE TO TAKE
HIM OVER FOR
NIX-NIX, JAGO!



OOKYDOO,
JOOB - IT'S
A DEAL!

THWAKK!



SHARMAN
THE BAR-
MAN HOLDS
THE DEEDS -

THE RACE'LL TAKE PLACE IN TWO
DAYS' TIME. YOU'LL TRUCK OUT EMPTY
AND MAKE THE FLIPFLOP WITH A
CARGO OF DOODOO* - EXCEPT FOR
YOU, ACE. YOU'VE GOT TO DO IT
TWICE!

*DOODOO - TRUCKER SLANG FOR
POOPOOPEEDOO'S MAIN EXPORT,
A POTENT FERTILISER.





WHAT DO YE MEAN, TOMATER, BILLY BONES?

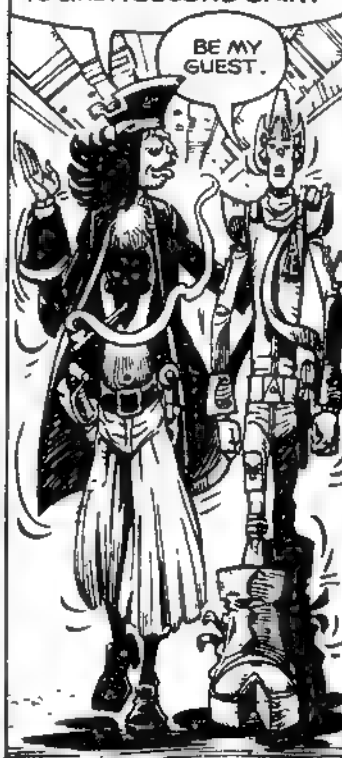
ULP! IT JUST FIGURE OF SPEECH!

WELL, DON'T YOU BE FIGURIN' NO SPEECHES 'ROUND ME NO MORE. SAVVY? I DOESN'T LIKE IT, SEE!

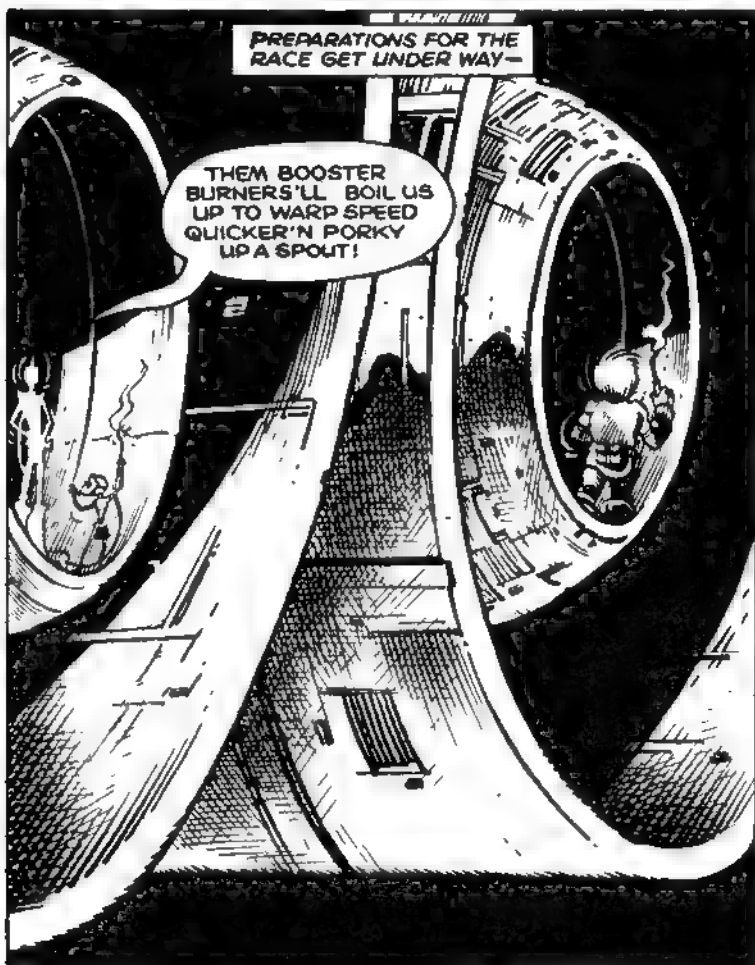


HOLD ON THERE, GARPY!

THOUGHT YOU'D GET AWAY FROM ME, EH - SLOPE OFF SOMEWHERE TO DIE IN PRIVATE? WELL, YE'VE NO CHANCE! FROM NOW TILL THE MOMENT YE DIE, EVIL BLOOD'LL BE STICKIN' TO YE LIKE A SECOND SKIN!

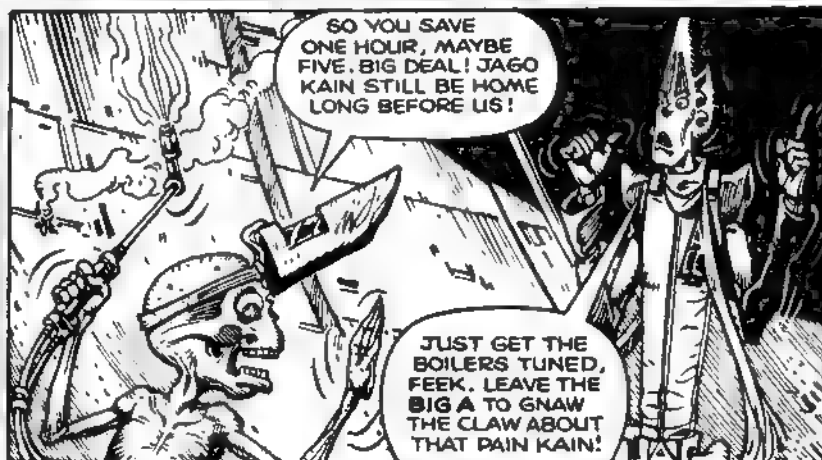


BE MY GUEST.



PREPARATIONS FOR THE RACE GET UNDER WAY—

THEM BOOSTER BURNERS'LL BOIL US UP TO WARD SPEED QUICKER'N PORKY UP A SPOUT!

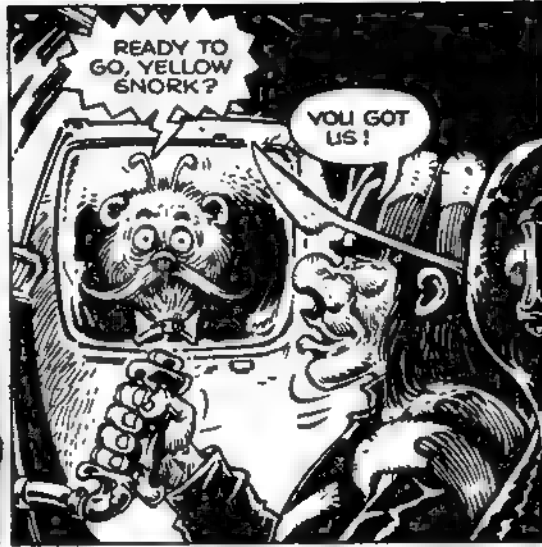


SO YOU SAVE ONE HOUR, MAYBE FIVE. BIG DEAL! JAGO KAIN STILL BE HOME LONG BEFORE US!

JUST GET THE BOILERS TUNED, FECK. LEAVE THE BIG A TO GNAW THE CLAW ABOUT THAT PAIN KAIN!



BUCKETMOUTH'LL DETOUR WIDE ROUND THE M-BELT... BUT WE'LL GO STRAIGHT THROUGH! OUGHTA GAVE SOME GOOD TIME THERE!



ROGUE TROOPER

HORST - WHERE ROGUE TROOPER HAS LEARNT THAT THE ANTIGEN HE SEEKS CAN BE EXTRACTED FROM EGGS. BUT AS ROGUE SEARCHES FOR THEM IN THE PLANET'S FIFTH ZONE, HE IS ATTACKED AND SEVERELY INJURED...



ROGUE'S SINKING FAST! THE BITE OF THOSE DAMN 'DRAGONDS' MUST BE POISONOUS!

AND IT WON'T BE LONG BEFORE THOSE OTHER ALLIES FIND US... AND FINISH HIM OFF!

OVER MY DEAD BODY! I'LL AUTOFIRE 'EM TO HELL!



2000AD

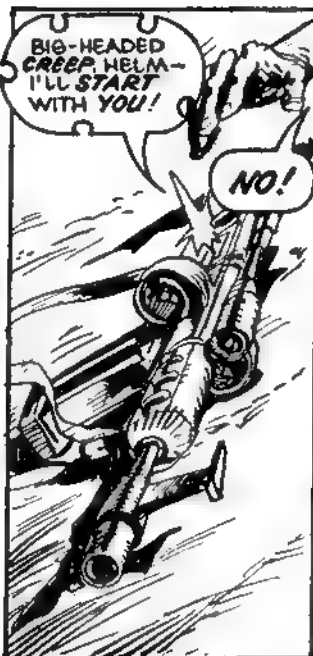
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LETTERING: ROBOT
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ER... YOU HAVEN'T ACTUALLY GOT A BODY, GUNNAR!



BIG-HEADED CREEP. HELM- I'LL START WITH YOU!

NO!



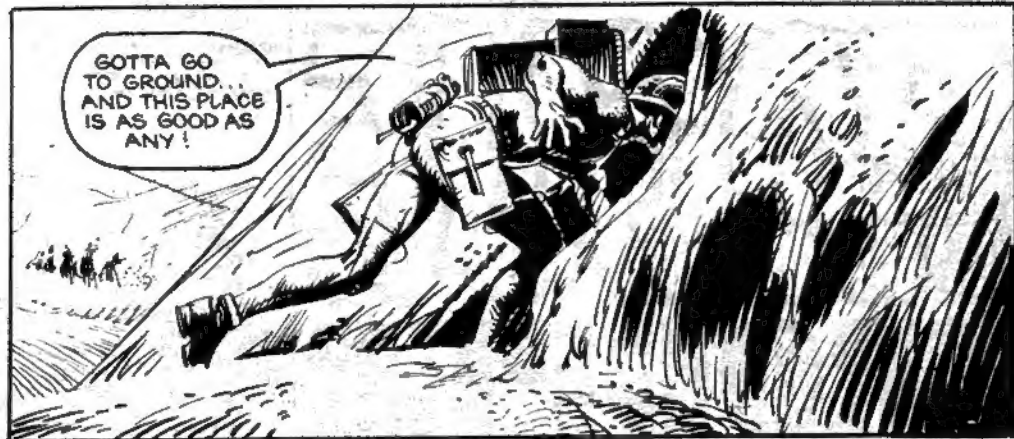
ROGUE! Y-YOU'VE RECOVERED!

WE THOUGHT YOU WERE A GONER!



SO DID I, GUYS, BUT IT'S WEIRD - SUDDENLY I FEEL LIKE MY WHOLE SYSTEM'S BEEN **BOOSTED!**

NO TIME TO WORK OUT **HOW**, ROGUE... NORTY RIDERS APPROACHING **FAST!**

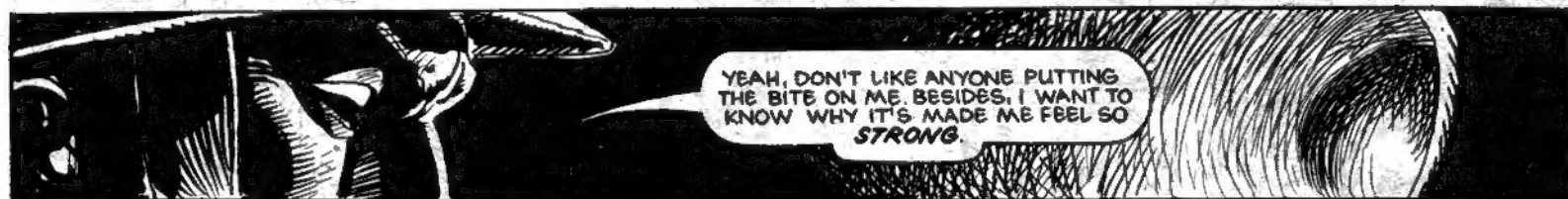


GOTTA GO TO GROUND... AND THIS PLACE IS AS GOOD AS ANY!



WE'LL SEAL UP THE ENTRANCE AND STAY PUT TILL THE RIDERS HAVE PASSED.

I SAW THOSE DRAGONIDS SCUTTLE BACK IN HERE, ROGUE. WHY DON'T WE **SURPRISE 'EM**, LIKE THEY SURPRISED YOU?



YEAH, DON'T LIKE ANYONE PUTTING THE BITE ON ME. BESIDES, I WANT TO KNOW WHY IT'S MADE ME FEEL SO **STRONG.**



ABOVE, THE BAFFLED NORTY ALLIES REPORTED IN TO THE NEARBY ZONAL CAPITAL...

WE'VE LOST HIM!



YOU SHOULD HAVE LET **ME** DIRECT THE HUNT, GENERAL!

WE KNOW HE'S LOOKING FOR THE ANTIGEN-EGGS... SO WE'LL ASK THE COMPUTER FOR THEIR PRECISE LOCATION!



BUT—

I DON'T UNDERSTAND! THERE'S SOME KIND OF HOLD ON THE DATA...



AND MY DIRECT VID-LINK TO HORST HIGH COMMAND—

IT'S ACTIVATING!

ATTENTION!



YOU WILL STATE YOUR INTEREST IN THE ANTIGEN-EGGS NOW!

THE GRAND MARSHAL! YOU ANSWER HIM!



THE WINGED ALIEN HAD BEEN TRACKING ROGUE SINCE THE G.I.'S LANDING ON HORST...

WE-WE NEED TO KNOW THE EGGS' LOCATION—TO SET A TRAP FOR AN OFF-PLANET SOUTHER!

WHAT? WHY WASN'T I INFORMED OF THIS BEFORE? YOU WILL TELL ME EVERYTHING ABOUT THIS INTRUDER—IMMEDIATELY!



MEANWHILE...

SOME KIND OF DUNGEON AHEAD. STAND TO, GUYS... BAGMAN, GET READY TO TRANSLATE...

LINGUI-DISKS OPERATIVE! ROGUE!



FREEZE, YOU COLD-BLOODED KILLERS!



TRANSLATE THEIR LAST WORDS, BAGMAN—BEFORE I TURN GUNNAR LOOSE!

NIVA-LIKNOI! SUONI BUDYS! SUONI BUDYS!



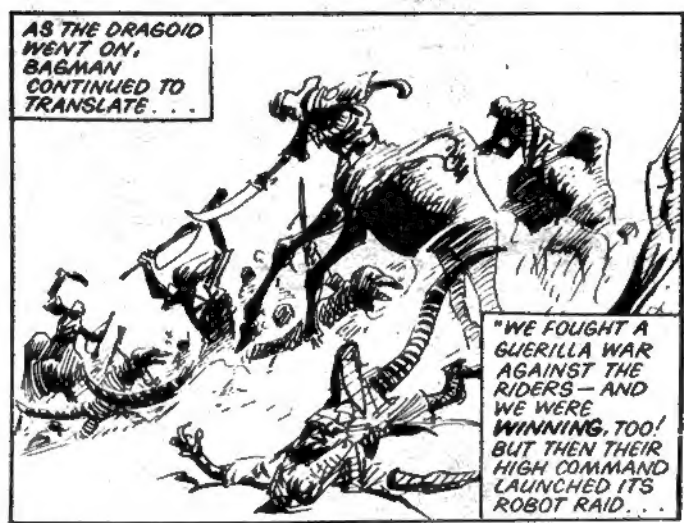
C'MON, BAGMAN. THEY'RE JUST PLAYING FOR TIME...

THEY'RE SAYING DON'T SHOOT, ALL RIGHT, ROGUE—BECAUSE THEY'RE SOUTHERS!



PUSHKLI ZWENSHI! POI DIVINIKLO!

CHECK OUT THE SOUTHER EMBLEM ON HIS SHOULDER. HE SAYS THEY'VE BEEN AT WAR WITH THE DESERT CAVALRY FOR YEARS.



AS THE DRAGOID WENT ON, BAGMAN CONTINUED TO TRANSLATE...

"WE FOUGHT A GUERRILLA WAR AGAINST THE RIDERS—AND WE WERE WINNING, TOO! BUT THEN THEIR HIGH COMMAND LAUNCHED ITS ROBOT RAID..."

RO-RATS, WE CALLED THEM.
DROPPED FROM THE AIR, THEY
COULD FOLLOW US UNDERGROUND...

"...AND THEN CAME THE
WORST BLOW, FINDING
OUT THEY HAD BORNE
AWAY ALL OUR EGGS...
THE FUTURE OF OUR
RACE!"

"THEY WERE ALSO DROPPED
ON OUR NON-COMBATANT
CAMPS IN OUR REAR. THEY
SLAUGHTERED OUR FEMALES
AND THEN..."

DID
I HEAR
RIGHT,
JUST
THEN?

DID HE
JUST SAY...?

ROGUE,
YOU DON'T
SUPPOSE...?

YEAH-EGGS. IF
THEY ARE THE ONES
WE'RE LOOKING
FOR, THEN WE'RE
IN BIG TROUBLE...
'CAUSE NOW THE
NORTS HAVE
GOT THEM!

ROGUE WAS IN BIGGER TROUBLE
THAN HE REALISED...

AT THAT MOMENT, A NORT
HELI-CHOPPER WAS
CROSSING INTO THE
DESERT ZONE...

ITS CARGO-BAYS
FULL TO BURSTING
WITH THE SAME
KILLERS WHO HAD
DEFEATED THE
LIZARDS, AND WHO
WOULD NOW BE
LET LOOSE ON
ROGUE...

THE RO-RATS!

NEXT PROB.
RAT-ATTACK!



I WARNED
YOU, CREEP!
IT'S A CRIME
TO SCAN
2000AD!

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